Perversity

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Perversity

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

A little written exploration meant to describe the first time Will experiences rimming.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Hannibal, it's…perverse."

"Perversity is relative, and can be a way of stretching boundaries."

Even as he balked, Will knew he would give in. The suggestion had taken him by surprise, but even at his first incredulous reaction, he had to admit that he was both intrigued and stimulated by the idea.

"You'll think of it, every time you sit here with others to eat. As will I. And that entirely the point."

"Now?" Will asked.

"Right now," Hannibal answered, removing his jacket. He circled behind Will and began unbuttoning his shirt. Will had been undressed by him before, but this instance was different. Each and every time Hannibal introduced him to a new sexual practice that was, he felt the same strange, but delicious combination of apprehension and want.

Being naked while Hannibal was still fully clothed was a familiar game to Will at this point. It made him feel more exposed than if they were both unclothed together, and Hannibal both knew this and exploited Will's feelings of vulnerability in these moments. He let out the breath he had been holding, and felt Hannibal's hands tracing his ribs as his lungs contracted and expanded again. It was a technique he used to ground him, keep him from hyperventilating, even before Will knew he was about to start to. In such a relatively short time, his lover knew him so well; but when he pushed another boundary, the result was always unanticipated, and to Hannibal, beautiful.

He came around to press a kiss onto Will's parted lips, and unbuttoned his jeans. Boxers followed, and Will knew to step out of his shoes and socks. Hannibal backed him up to the edge of the table, and Will understood he was to sit back on it, and spread his legs, while Hannibal stroked his half-hard cock, until he was fully erect. He took one of Will's hands, and placed it around his shaft.

"I want you to touch yourself, Will. The entire time. But slowly. You know you are to wait until I give you permission to do anything else."

Will nodded in assent, knowing that to cum without Hannibal's express permission would not be a good idea.

"On your knees. Face away from me. One hand under your forehead as it touches the table, the other around your cock. And try not to move."

Doing as he was told wasn't optional, but Will was still left more exposed than was comfortable. He felt Hannibal's warm, broad hand trailing down from his neck, his spine, and finally resting flat against his hip. The contact steadied him slightly, and after a moment, he could hear a chair being drawn up to the table, directly behind him. The parallels of being eaten at the table were certainly obvious, perhaps a little too much so for Hannibal's usually

more subtle metaphors. This wasn't meant to be a devouring as much as a possessing; after all, he wasn't to be literally consumed, as his physical body would remain perfectly intact. But Will already felt his psyche being breached, as his body soon would be. This was the point of the exercise.

The first touch was not as he'd expected. He'd almost worried he would find it *ticklish*, but it was anything other than that. It was warm and unbelievably smooth. Gentle even, much more so than a finger could ever be. He remembered that he was meant to be moving his hand up and down his length, and he instantly understood the rhythm that would be best to take. One of Hannibal's hands was gently opening his ass, while his tongue worked up and down the cleft; the other hand was at his perineum, thumb pressing ever so gradually harder, then softer. Everything worked in unison; the tongue, the hands, including his own.

He wasn't sure when he'd started moaning, partial syllables of unpronounceable words falling uncontrolled from his mouth. Perhaps it was when Hannibal has shortened the lengths of the strokes of his tongue, and focused his full lips just at Will's hole; lips that felt to have been made just for this purpose. The thumb now circled, just below, pressing more insistently. Will felt the grasp of Hannibal's hand tighten on his hip, holding him more still, almost as a sign that he was likely to want to move.

It was not unwarranted. He could feel the gradual press of Hannibal's tongue inside of him, just a little at first, but more and more with each incursion, until it was sliding, in and out, almost fully, obscenely wonderful heat beginning to spread from the base of his spine and pooling in his abdomen, all points of touch and contact becoming synched.

He knew to hold himself at the base of his achingly hard cock, which had begun leaking onto the surface of the table. He was concerned about this; he knew Hannibal would know he was concerned; he would be unable to prevent it; Hannibal knew this as well. It was part of the exposure, a mental aspect to the humiliation of being spread open and taken like this. No control over his reactions, no stopping the gasping and pleading that had begun to be pronounced, more clearly, as the desperation became stronger.

Hannibal stopped; Will almost collapsed at the cessation of contact. It had built to be too much, and now its ending was intolerable. His thighs were shaking.

A new sharpness, his mind focused, as a warm, heady scented liquid was poured over him. *Like a glaze*, he thought, and almost laughed. Then, a hard, but no less smooth, object; he could feel it being inserted, withdrawn, stretching him, warm as his body temperature. Every time he was breached, the thing was taken out, and pressed in further each time. He remembered the glass object for this purpose Hannibal had used on him before, but this time it felt different; he was so much more sensitized, and Hannibal appeared to be using it to *open* him, more than just fuck him with it. He was using it so slowly, deliberately avoiding his prostate; that is until he pushed it inside of him, just at the exact place where it would make the most contact, and held it there. He twisted it, left, then right, again and again, until Will felt a stream of precum leaking from his cock. Once again the worry about the table entered his mind, and that made it all the worse, but also so much better.

Hannibal did this to him for exactly as long as he would have been able to take it without breaking his vow, completely involuntarily, of course.

When it was finally withdrawn, the emptiness, while exasperating and terrible, was only momentary; the object was replaced once again with a firm but yielding tongue, this time able to push inside of him so much further. His stretched hole provided less resistance.

Will remembered to breathe, to stoke, in time with the feeling of Hannibal's tongue entering him; even more sensitized and slightly sore after having the large glass thing inside of him, it was both soothing and strange to actually feel the inside of his rim being pressed on so precisely, so delicately.

Hannibal's fingers stopped pressing on his perineum, and closed around his own hand. He knew then to go harder and faster. The heat that had been gradually building became searing, and Will felt his release pulling him from the inside like gravity. A little at a time, then all at once; Hannibal's tongue staying inside of him, he spilled over both of their hands, and of course, the table. Nothing he'd ever be able to banish from his mind while eating there ever again, just as Hannibal had predicted. He wondered if the walls would absorb the reverberations of his screams.

End Notes

Gathering some little things from my tumblr page.

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